



HYMN GEMS

ROBERT ELMER SMITH

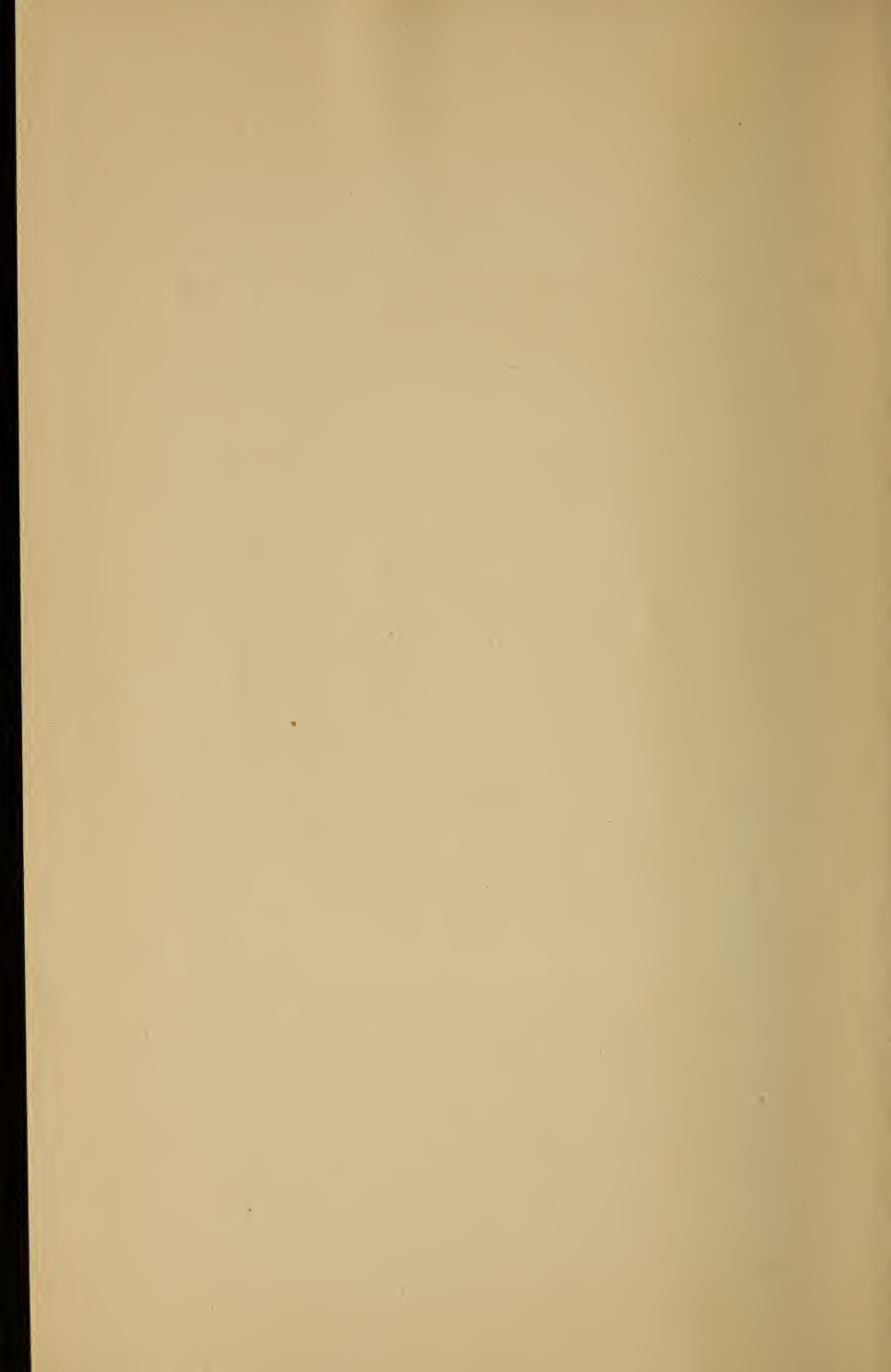


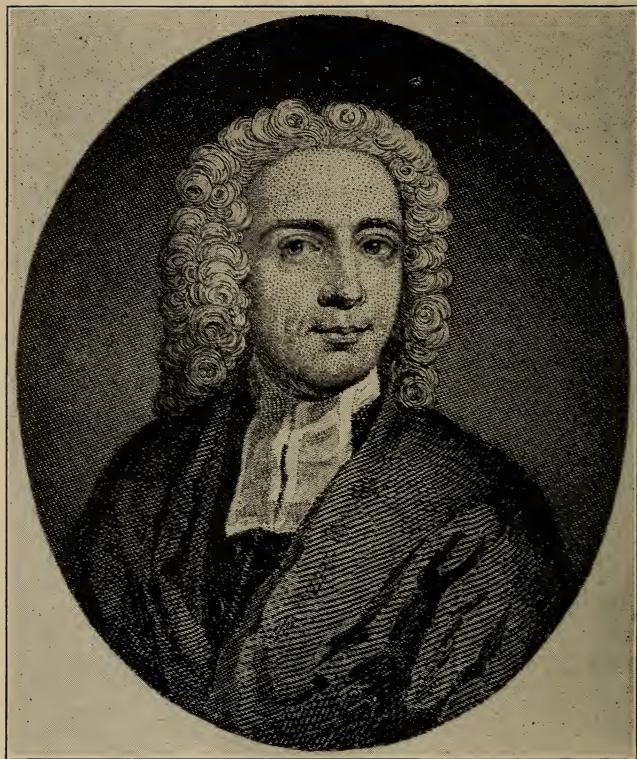
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Book 36

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ISAAC WATTS

Hymn Gems

COMPILED BY

ROBERT ELMER SMITH

Author of "Methodist Episcopalians", "Modern Messages From
Great Hymns" and other works

With an Introduction by

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON



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TO ALL HYMN LOVERS
EVERYWHERE, THESE GEMS ARE
DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

"Of making many books there is no end;" but of making useful books there is a decided limitation: and the gifted ones who can perform this feat are a select number. Dr. Robert Elmer Smith is one of these. His "Methodist Episcopalians" with its one-hundred thousand circulation; his "Ladies' Aid Manual," the first in the field and absolutely adequate with a number of features that are distinct strokes of genius; these, followed by his "Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Manual," show the work of a genius in massing practical suggestions and workable plans.

His stately work, "Modern Messages from Great Hymns," places him easily in the master's roll in quite a different department, as a literary critic and expositor of devotional literature; and now comes his compilation of "Hymn Gems."

Bishop Warren used to lecture to the delight of thousands on "The Intensities and Felicities of Biblical Expression." Dr. Smith has culled for years and placed under appropriate heads such choice poetical expressions from the wide range of Christian poetry and the hymns of the sanctuary.

His book will enrich the mind of the student. It should be on the library table and on the desk of the study. It ought to be carried in the pocket and its treasures garnered while we wait at railway stations, ride on the cars, glide in automobiles, or are served in restaurants. We can snatch a minute a dozen times a day to get a gem; and what a mental enrichment and spiritual quickening our men, women, and children can have, if they deposit in the treasury of memory these precious gems.

I am going to commit these lines to memory, or better, as our fathers expressed it, "learn them by heart." Who will join in this endeavor to "consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works;" not forsaking our own assembling together but speaking one to another "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

Clarence True Wilson.

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Our God and Father

Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

Harriet Auber.

Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

Thomas Blacklock.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

Isaac Watts.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

Frederick W. Faber.

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of Thy almighty power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.

Amelia Opie.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

Isaac Watts.

He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there.

Isaac Watts.

Thou who hast sown the sky with stars,
Setting thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours,
With blessings manifold;
Thy mercies have been numberless;
Thy love, thy grace, thy care,
Were wider than our utmost need,
And higher than our prayer.

Henry Burton.

Source of truth, whose beams alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind.

William Cullen Bryant.

Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
Isaac Watts.

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
Charles Wesley.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
Frederick W. Faber.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.
Stephen G. Bulfinch.

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.
Christopher Wordsworth.

With the past unscreened from thee,
Thou from whom I cannot flee,
How could peace abide with me?

Joseph Cook.

His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

Caleb T. Winchester.

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Charles Wesley.

The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.

Isaac Watts.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

Isaac Watts.

Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

John Milton.

Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of Heavenly hosts.

Isaac Watts.

O Thou, who hast spread out the skies
And measured the depths of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall rise
In joyous thanksgiving to thee.

Hannah F. Gould.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Isaac Watts.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Joseph Addison.

He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening-star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

Matthias Claudius.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love.

Isaac Watts.

The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

Thomas Olivers.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
 sea.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and
 sky, and sea.

Reginald Heber.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

Frederick W. Faber.

He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bounds;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

Isaac Watts.

O thou to whom in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

John Pierpont.

Thus doth thy hospitable greatness lie
 Outside us like a boundless sea;
 We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
 Nor drift away from thee.

Frederick W. Faber.

Acquaint thee, O mortal!
Acquaint thee with God—
And joy, like the sunshine,
Shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrops,
Shall fall on thy head;
And visions, like angels,
Shall visit thy bed.

William Knox.

“His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.”

Isaac Watts.

“When God reveals His march through Nature’s
night,
His steps are beauty, and His presence light.”

James Montgomery.

Thine eye detects the sparrow’s fall,
Thy heart of love expands for all;
Our throbbing life is full of thee,
Throned in thy vast infinity.

Samuel F. Smith.

Our Saviour and Master

Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

Edmund H. Sears.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

J. G. Holland.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Samuel Medley.

Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."

Charles Wesley.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

J. G. Holland.

From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
Thou didst come to ransom sinners:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!

Robert Robinson.

Love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy lifeblood flowed.

A. Cleveland Cox.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Isaac Watts.

'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Saviour bows his head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

W. M'. K. Darwood.

By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

Robert Grant.

Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

James Montgomery.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

Isaac Watts.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Henry H. Milman.

As thou hast died for me,
O may my love for thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

Ray Palmer.

Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

From the German. Tr. by J. Wesley.

How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

Benjamin Beddome.

Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

James Montgomery.

Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same,
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

Charles Wesley.

I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

Paul Gerhardt.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring.

Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be All in All.

Matthew Bridges.

The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

Emily E. S. Elliott.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts.

O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity.

McComb.

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

John Newton.

Kingdom of heaven! whose dawn began
With love's divine, incarnate breath,
Our hearts are slow to understand
The lessons of that life and death.

Emily H. Miller.

Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur P. Stanley.

Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:

Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpont.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Ray Palmer.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

John Newton.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee
 The Light, the Truth, the Way!

John G. Whittier.

O Jesus, thou the beauty art
 Of angel-worlds above;
 Thy name is music to the heart,
 Inflaming it with love.

Benard of Clairvaux.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.

Joseph Grigg.

Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
 All shall sing their gracious Lord;
 Love, the leader of the choir,
 Breathing round her seraph fire.

William A. Muhlenberg.

O if once thy smile divine
 Ceased upon my soul to shine,
 What were earth or heaven to me?
 Whom have I in each but thee.

Robert Grant.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name.

John G. Whittier.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man!
F. Mason North.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
John Keble.

Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.
A. C. Hobart Seymour.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea.
St. Stephen.

Since the day I called thee mine,
Since the answer, "I am thine,"
Sweetly have I walked between
Waters still and pastures green.
Soft thine hand upon my brow,
I the sheep—the shepherd thou.
George Duffield.

Bread of life;
Christ, by whom alone we live;
Bread, that came to us from heaven;
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving;
O, it hungers only after thee;—
Feed thou me!

James Montgomery.

Ever since I saw thy face,
Proved thy plenitude of grace,
Chose thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.
Benjamin Gough.

Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
Robert A. West.

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
From the German.

Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations behold their coming Lord.
John Julian.

I could not do without thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need:
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, like thine.
Frances R. Havergal.

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.
Thomas Kelly.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Charles Wesley.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

John G. Whittier.

"Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own."

Isaac Watts.

"In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth."

Lucy Larcom.

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care."

Joseph Addison.

"Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul."

Theodore Parker.

"Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?"

Philip Doddridge.

"Nothing fair on earth I see,
But I straightway think of Thee."

Angelus Silesius,

Trs. by Catherine Winkworth.

“That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is Heavenly Wine.”

Isaac Watts.

We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

Horatius Bonar.

Dear Son of God! thy blessèd will
Our hearts would own, with saints above;
All life is larger for thy law,
All service sweeter for thy love.

Benjamin Copeland.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

Our God and Comforter

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed his tender fare-
well,

A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed, with us to dwell.

Harriet Auber.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,

“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

Thomas Moore.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!

Glow within this heart of mine;

Kindle every high desire;

Perish self in thy pure fire!

Samuel Longfellow.

O Spirit blest, who from above

Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,

Calm all our strife, give faith and love;

O make us one!

Christopher Wordsworth.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,

Ever near the Christian side;

Gently lead us by the hand,

Pilgrims in a desert land.

Marcus M. Wells.

Expand thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

Charles Wesley.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Edwin Hatch.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Thomas T. Lynch.

I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

William F. Warren.

Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Arthur Reed.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Charles Wesley.

Come as the Light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe.
Come as the Fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame.
Come as the Dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour.
Come as the Dove! and spread thy wings
The wings of peaceful love.
Come as the Wind! with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace.

Andrew Reed.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Thomas Haweis.

Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;
Promised pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!

Thomas J. Judkin.

Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

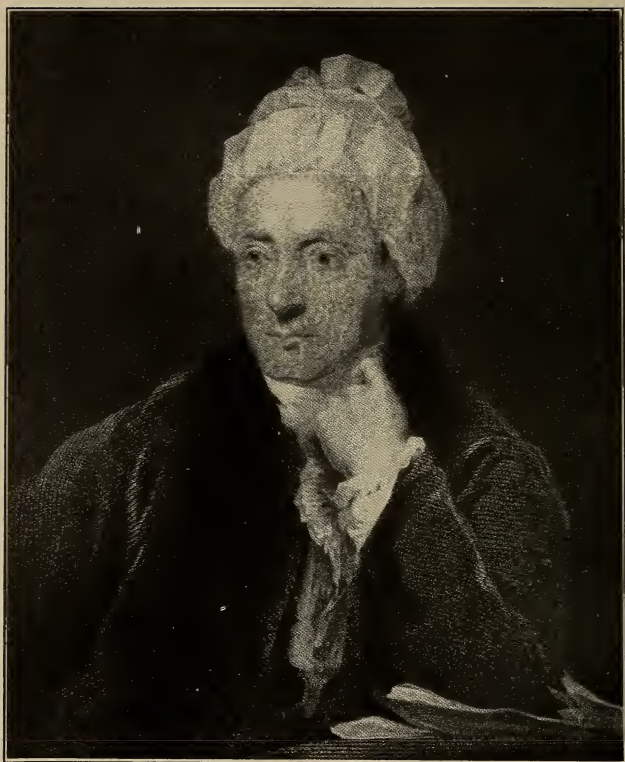
Gregory the Great.

Come Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
O make that blessing mine!

Author Unknown.

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Charles Wesley.



WILLIAM COWPER

Our Praise and Worship

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!
Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more!

Cecil F. Alexander.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Harriet B. Stowe.

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Charles Wesley.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

Tate and Brady.

Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

Isaac Watts.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth,
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

William H. Burleigh.

Prince of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

Mary A. S. Barber.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

John Keble.

Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles,
Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

Charles Wesley.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

John G. Whittier.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the Spirit's secret cell
My hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

Here, great God, today we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

Francis Pott.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

John Ellerton.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not by day or night.

John Ellerton.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
 I do not pray;
 Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
 Just for to-day.
 Help me to labor earnestly,
 And duly pray;
 Let me be kind in word and deed,
 Father, to-day.

Ernest R. Wilberforce.

But thou, soul-searching God! hast known
 The hearts of all that bent the knee;
 And hast accepted those alone,
 Who in the spirit worshiped thee.

James Montgomery.

To thee our souls aspire
 In ardent prayer and earnest deed,
 With love like thine, confessing, still,
 Christ's life our code! his cross our creed!

Benjamin Copeland.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world hath suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain hath rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love song which they bring:
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Charles Wesley.

With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, when time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

James D. Burns.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling.

Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

Author Unknown.

Still, still with thee, when the purple morning
breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Harriet B. Stowe.

Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Johann A. Scheffler.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

Isaac Watts.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Author Unknown.

By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee the common Lord.

Charles Wesley.

My God, is any hour so sweet
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer.

Charlotte Elliott.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.

Robert Robinson.

O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

John Wesley.

Let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

Adelaide A. Procter.

I bow my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

John G. Whittier.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,—
None of self, and all of thee!

Theodore Monod.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

George W. Doane.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

George Croly.

Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire.

Charles Wesley.

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!

Anne Steele.

I'll trim my lamp the while,
And chant a midnight lay,
Till perfect light and gladness come
In glory's endless day.

Author Unknown.

By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
"Thou art Love and Love alone."

Archdeacon Farrar.

Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone—
By looking to Jesus,
Like him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

W. D. Longstaff.

The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

John Pierpont.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.”

James Montgomery.

Our Earthly Life

As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

William Cullen Bryant.

We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

Anna B. Warner.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

Isaac Watts.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitched but a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement.

S. Crossman.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
Charles Wesley.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.
Horatius Bonar.

Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.
Reginald Heber.

Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.
As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
John Newton.

Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
Thomas Gibbons.

'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
Isaac Watts.

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

Philip Doddridge.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam
And fills the musing mind no more.

Harriet Auber.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

Philip Doddridge.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

John Leland.

If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

Charles Wesley.

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

Isaac Watts.

The leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay,
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"

Henry F. Lyte.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

My life is but a span;
Mine age is naught with thee;
And, in his brightest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.
At thy rebuke the bloom
Of earthly beauty flies;
And grief shall like a moth consume
All that delights our eyes.

James Montgomery.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

Jane C. Bonar.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Adelaide Procter.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Reginald Heber.

Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

Charles Wesley.

Earth's transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

John Bowring.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee.

Jean F. Oberlin.

My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

Frances M. Cowper.

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

David E. Ford.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Isaac Watts.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

John Newton.

Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

Godfrey Thring.

My days are shorter than a span;
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail, at best, is dying man!
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Anne Steele.

Our few revolving years,
 How swift they glide away!
 How short the term of life appears
 When past—but as a day!—

Benjamin Beddome.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Secure, insensible:
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

Charles Wesley.

No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in this wilderness,
 A poor wayfaring man,
 I lodge awhile in tents below;
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain.

John Wesley.

Tasting that the Lord is good,
 Pining then for poisoned food;
 At the fountain of the skies,
 Craving creaturely supplies.
 Worldly cares at worship-time;
 Grovelling aims in works sublime;
 Pride, when God is passing by!
 Sloth, when souls in darkness die!

William M. Bunting.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Alfred Tennyson.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

James Montgomery.

Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

Fanny J. Crosby.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

George Keith.

Our Glorious Gospel

To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

Benard of Clairvaux.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

Charles Wesley.

Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

Augustus L. Hillhouse.

Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Isaac Watts.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Robert Robinson.

Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Samuel J. Stone.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

George W. Doane.

The angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

Charles Wesley.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Esling.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

John M. Neale.

O Jesus, thou art knocking :
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face hath marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

William W. How.

The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from thee can fruitless fall.

Henry Twells.

Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

Isaac Watts.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By thy fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Robert Grant.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Charles Wesley.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Isaac Watts.

He can heal my bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

James F. Clarke.

Come sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Augustus M. Toplady.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?
Philip Doddridge.

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
Edmund Jones.

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.
Gerhard Tersteegen.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.
John H. Gurney.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
Charles Wesley.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

John Bowring.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the scepter
Saviour, all the world around!

William Williams.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Joseph Grigg.

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

Isaac Watts.

Publish all around
Salvation through his name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins.

O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

Charles Wesley.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

Joseph Hart.

What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found.

James Montgomery.

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Isaac Watts.

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
James Montgomery.

No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!
Horatius Bonar.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
Charles Wesley.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
Reginald Heber.

Our Unerring Chart

It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the Living Word.

William W. How.

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant.

Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine.

John Bowring.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

William Cowper.

It is the chart and compass,
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

William W. How.

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Isaac Watts.

Lamp for the feet that in byways have wander'd,
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall;
Hope for the sinner whose best days are squander'd,
Staff for the aged, and best book for all.

M. J. Smith.

There's a dear and precious book,
Tho' it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls the happy days of long ago;
When I stood at mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

M. B. Williams.

When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

Charles Wesley.

His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

Isaac Watts.

Lord, endue thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
That in us its silent heaven
May work on from hour to hour.
Carl Johann P. Spitta.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light
Anne Steele.

There is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found
John Keble.

Come, divine Interpreter!
Bring me eyes thy book to read,
Ears the mystic words to hear,
Words which did from thee proceed,
Words that endless bliss impart,
Kept in an obedient heart.
Author Unknown.

Our Passing Trials

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed,
Through peace to light.
Adelaide A. Procter.

Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart.
Charles Wesley.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.
John Bowring.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
Anna L. Waring.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

John G. Whittier.

Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

Josiah Conder.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Sarah F. Adams.

Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."
Author Unknown.

To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
Benjamin Beddome.

Dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.
Frederick L. Hosmer.

Jesus, one word from thee
Fills my sad soul with peace:
My griefs are like a tossing sea;
They hear thy voice and cease.
Soon as thy pitying face
Shone through my stormy fears,
The storm swept by, nor left a trace,
Save the sweet dew of tears.
Hervey D. Ganse.

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
William H. Bathurst.

Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

William Cowper.

Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.

Charles Wesley.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on its helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

Henry Alford.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Samuel Longfellow.

Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

George Croly.

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

So when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, Joy and willingness come with the sight.

Anna B. Warner.

My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

William F. Lloyd.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

John Bowring.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Isaac Watts.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John G. Whittier.

Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

James Montgomery.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Charles Wesley.

Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Samuel Rodigast.

I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to thy breast.

Jane Crewdson.

Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright or dark with woe,
I am content, for this I know,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. Mund.

Father! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee;
Then to thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.

Samuel Greg.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power:
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

William O. Cushing.

God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Georg Neumark.

Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

Thus doth thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'Tis goodness only bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,
When those they love are near.

Frederick W. Faber.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

John A. Wallace.

But should the surges rise,
 And rest delay to come,
 Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
 Which drives us nearer home
Augustus M. Toplady.

In every condition—in sickness, in health;
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
 be."

George Keith.

Good, when he gives—supremely good:
 Nor less when he denies;
 E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
James Hervey.

Sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.
Thomas Moore.

As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey thy will
 When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Edward Hopper.

Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
 Is a legacy of love;
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 He the same doth ever prove.
 Thou art all in all to me,
 Loving one of Bethany!
John R. MacDuff.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

William Cowper.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

James Montgomery.

My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Benjamin Schmolke.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

Hugh Stowell.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Robert Grant.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
Martin Luther.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening.
Richard H. Robinson.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer.
William H. Burleigh.

Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.
Oliver Holden.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
Philip Doddridge.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
Anna L. Waring.

Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

Charles Wesley.

When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

Edward Mote.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

William W. How.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.
And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Frederick W. Faber.

The cross that he gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes his face.

Ballington Booth.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 O rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief or pain;
 Sweet are thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me;
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long;
 But thou hast made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

William C. Dix.

O when his wisdom can mistake,
 His might decay, his love forsake,
 Then may his children cease to sing,
 The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder.

Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our head.

Charles Wesley.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Thomas Moore.

I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

George Matheson.

“A little while,” midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love’s mysteries to spell:
Then—read each dark enigma’s bright solution;
Then—hail sight’s verdict, “He doth all things
well.”

Jane Crewdson.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We’ll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we’ll understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius.

There is no place where earth’s sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth’s failures
Have such kindly judgment given.

Frederick W. Faber.

“Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour’s feet
Lay me low and keep me there.”

William Cowper.

Our Loving Service

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

Reginald Heber.

Laborers of Christ arise
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.
Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Frederick W. Faber.

Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

Philip Doddridge.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

Isaac Watts.

'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord his life laid down ;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown.

Mary A. Thompson.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you :
Take the task he gives you gladly ;
Let his work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore :
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Fannie J. Crosby.

Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea ;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

Ernest W. Shurtleff.

Our sword is the spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.

Gerard Moultrie.

Where prophet's word, and martyr's blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would real where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

O blessèd work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.

Anna B. Warner.

How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber.

With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

Edwin H. Nevin.

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

Horatius Bonar.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the crucified!

George W. Doane.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

John Keble.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

John Fawcett.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Samuel Wolcott.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

John Ellerton.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.

George Duffield.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

John G. Whittier.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

James Montgomery.

Seize your armor, gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See, the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

Jared B. Waterbury.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Norman Macleod.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

John G. Whittier.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

Ray Palmer.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Washington Gladden.

Teach us to mark, from day to day,
In generous acts our radiant way,
Tread the same path our Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons.

But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick W. Faber.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.
Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown;
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

Horatius Bonar.

If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

George Cooper.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters”
You who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life, or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

R. Edgar.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

Philip Doddridge.

Our Heavenly Life

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

Isaac Watts.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

William B. O. Peabody.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

James Montgomery.

Rest for the fevered brain
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Horatius Bonar.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna L. Barbauld.

The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.
For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home.

Hugh R. Haweis.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.
William B. O. Peabody.

They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of him
Who tuned his golden lute.
Charles Wesley.

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore ?
Horace L. Hastings.

Burst are all my prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars ;
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate,
Lo ! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.
John Parker.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.
Frances L. Mace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

Horatius Bonar.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Abraham H. C. Malan.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

William Hunter.

I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

Charles Wesley.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Samuel Stennett.

The friends gone there before me,
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.

Henry F. Lyte.

E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

Henry Alford.

O the lost, the unforgotten,
In our hearts they perish not!
How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

Mary L. Duncan.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Charles Wesley.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave.

Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

Anne Steele.

Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

H. Kirke White.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
And evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

William B. Tappan.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Annie R. Cousin.

Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest.
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Jane C. Bonar.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

Robert Lowry.

Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

Ray Palmer.

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end.

Henry Ware, Jr.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest.

Bernard of Cluny.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold.

Frederick W. Faber.

They brought his chariot from above
To bear him to his throne,
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried,
The glorious work is done.

J. Berridge.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Phoebe Cary.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John H. Newman.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber.

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Author Unknown.

Abide with us, abide with us,
While flesh and soul agree;
And when our flesh is only dust,
Abide our souls with thee.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed.

Catherine H. Esling.

I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.
Shudder not to pass the stream :
Venture all thy care on him,—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossings, hushed its roar.
Augustus M. Toplady.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
John Keble.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.
Adelaide A. Procter.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.
Thomas Olivers.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown ;
Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.
John G. Whittier.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

Philip Doddridge.

The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
“O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?”

Alexander Pope.

The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth.

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, “Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.”

Marcus M. Wells.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know
 When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose:
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows:
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Thomas Raffles.

Be with us in the future years; and if the tempest
 lowers,
 Look through the cloud with light of love, and smile
 our tears away
 And lead us through the brightening years to heaven's
 eternal day.

Henry Burton.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light:
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann.

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John G. Whittier.

When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

Charles Wesley.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

Henry Alford.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall reign with God.

Philip Doddridge.

I will not view with dread
 That shadowy vale unknown :
 I see a light within it shed ;
 I shall not die alone !

Author Unknown.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.
 And so beside the silent sea
 I wait the muffled oar :
 No harm from him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

John G. Whittier.

Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessèd bonnie place,
 I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall see his face ;
 It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
 In the glory o' his presence in oor ain countrie.
 Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs
 like me,

An' carries them Himsel', to his ain countrie.

M. L. Demarest.

No tears from any eyes
 Drop in that holy choir :
 But death itself then dies,
 And sighs themselves expire.

S. Crossman.

I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
O come, angel band,
Come and round me stand,
O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

Jefferson Hascall.

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

Lydia Baxter.

There's a city that looks o'er the valley of death,
And its glories may never be told;
There the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Author Unknown.

O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy that thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

Ellen H. Gates.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate,
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.
Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Jessie B. Pounds.

The fairest flower on earth must fade,
The brightest hopes on earth must die;
Why should we mourn that man was made
To droop on earth, but dwell on high?
The soul, th' eternal soul, must reign
In worlds devoid of pain and strife;
Then why should mortal man complain
Of death, which leads to happier life?
Alfred Tennyson.

We shall meet them in the morning,
When our work on earth is done,
At the river—blessed river—
We shall gather—one by one!
Fanny Crosby.

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Henry Alford.

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night,"—but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."
Anna L. Barbauld.

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